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no. 1 LIVE CREW comics

WORDS
Dave Marsh
Christopher Hitchens
& **ART**
Stan Shaw
Peter Kuper
Danny Hellman
Blanchard & Kegel
Pat Moriarity
J.R. Williams
Bob Fingerman

2 BLACK STRONG LIVE

EROS
comix

CHAN 91

The First Amendment
shall be...
right of
speech shall
be abridged or
of the American
people

BE A NASTY
DICK WANNABE

W

BASS 9-1-7
STAN SHAW

ME SO CENSORED
DAVE MARSH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
PETER KUPER

**BANNED IN
THE U.S.A.**
PETER KUPER

**" WE WANT
SOME PUSSY "**
DANNY HELLMAN

**ME SO
HORNY**
PAT MORIARITY

**MINORITY
REPORT**
CHRISTOPHER
HITCHENS
ILLUSTRATED BY
RYDER WINDHAM

**THE FUCK
SHOP**
LYRICS

**THE STRIP
CLUB**
BLANCHARD &
KEGEL

**" THROW THE
D "**
LYRICS

**GET THE F . . K
OUT OF MY
HOUSE**
J.R. WILLIAMS

**THE 2-LIVE
CREW**
ILLUSTRATION BY
BOB FINGERMAN

E

R

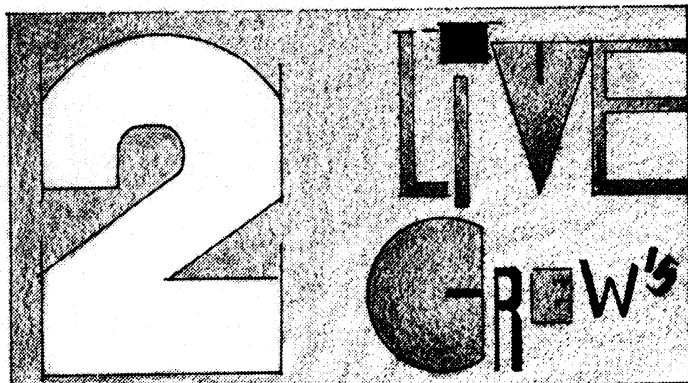
EDIT
Ryder Windham
DESIGN
Dale Yarger
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comics

C

no. 1

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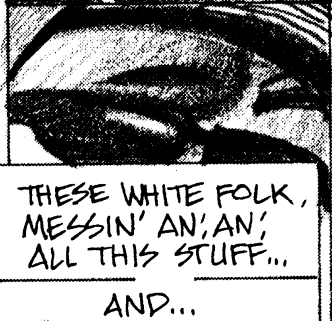


ADAPTED BY
CHARLIE

BASS 9-1-7



IT'S RUSS THE
RUSHMAN ON
THE RADIO.



THESE WHITE FOLK,
MESSIN' AN' AN',
ALL THIS STUFF...

AND...



WE GONNA TALK
ABOUT...



YOU KNOW WHAT
I'M SAYIN', RIGHT.

NOW, I WANT YOU
TO TELL ME. YOU
ON THE AIR.



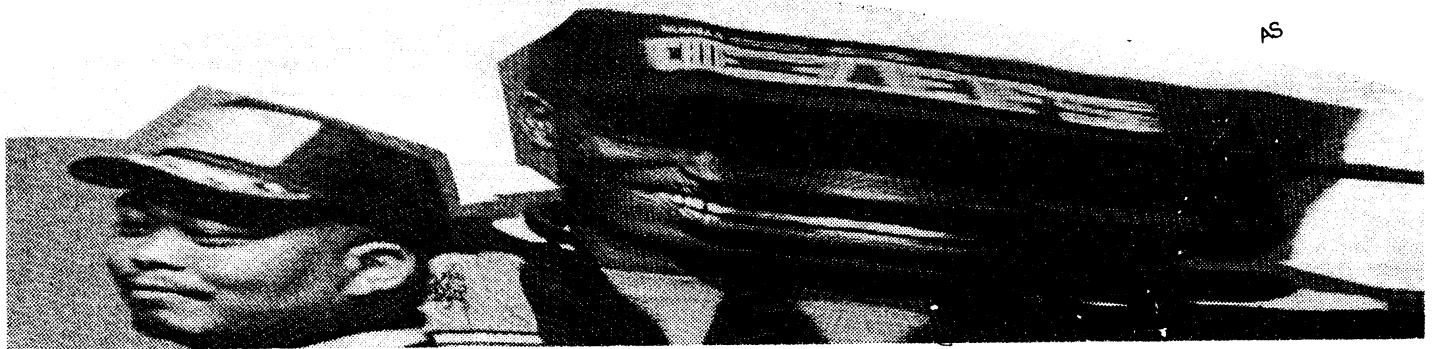
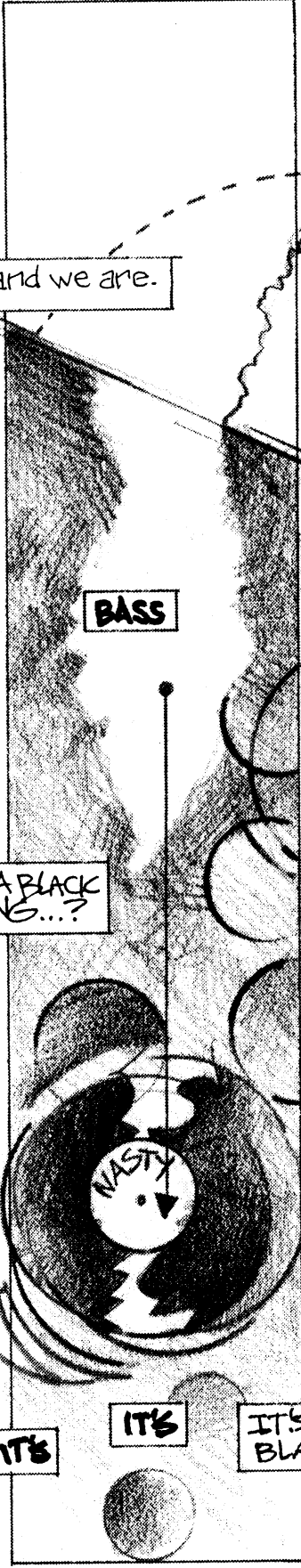
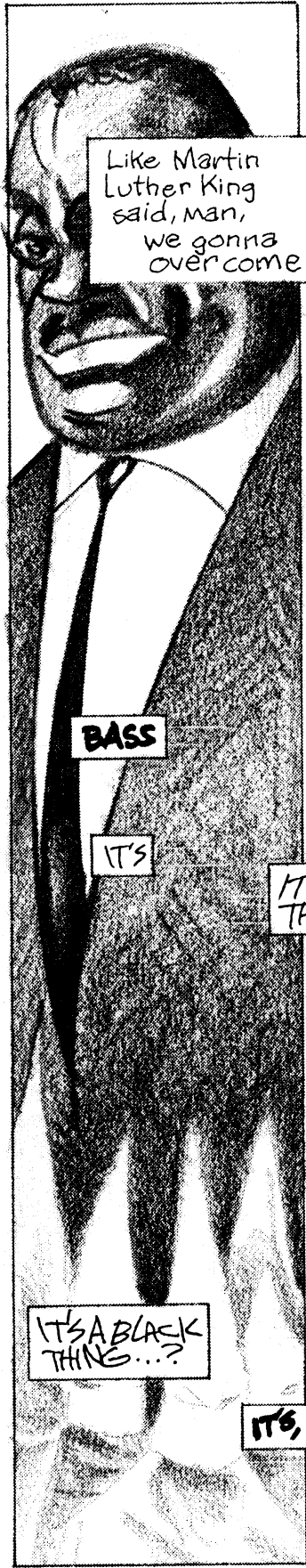
HELLO.

RUSS?



AS





MIAMI LAKES,

LIBERTY CITY,
CARROL CITY,

OVERTIME, NASHVILLE,

DRUG CITY,
STOP PROJECTS
PORK-N-BEANS,

WE WANT Y'ALL TO
STILL BE LIKE THE
TWO LIVE CREW,

WE WANT Y'ALL
TO STILL BE
LIKE LUKE AND
ALL THEM.

WE WANT Y'ALL TO
STILL SET GOALS IN
LIFE, THAT YOU ALL
WANT TO BE
SOMEBODY,

Y'ALL WANNA BE
ENTREPRENEURS
LIKE THESE GUYS
Y'ALL WANNA HAVE
YOUR OWN BUSINESS
Y'ALL DON'T HAVE
TO WORK FOR
NOBODY.

I MEAN,
YOU KNOW, YOU
CAN BE AS CREATIVE.
AS, AS, BUSINESS-WISE
AS ANYBODY, ANY MAN.

IF YOU A MAN,
IF YOU A WOMAN, I
MEAN, BECAUSE A
PERSON IS A CERTAIN
COLOR THEY ARE NOT
SUPERIOR TO YOU,
THEY ARE NOT
SUPERIOR TO YOU.

THEY ARE NOT
SUPERIOR TO YOU,

THEY ARE NOT
SUPERIOR TO YOU.





BASS

IT'S GOT TO BE A BLACK THING.

BASS

9.1.7, YOU ON THE AIR.

YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS,

WHAT IT IS.

IT'S A BLACK THING...?

OKAY, THEY USED TO WATCHIN' THEM FLAT BACK WHIT. GIRLS, RIGHT? WHEN THEM BLACK GIRLS GET UP THERE WITH THESE BIG BOOTIES... THEM WHITE MEN CAN'T TAKE THAT!!

9.1.7, YOU ON THE AIR.

YEAH WHAT UP??

IT'S A BLACK THING...?

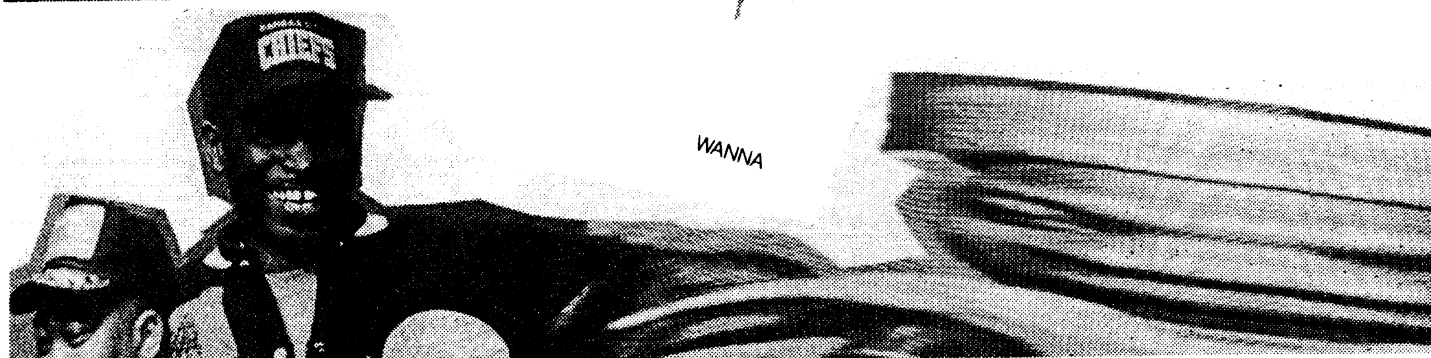
WHAT'S HAPPENIN.

I JUST SAW A NEWS UPDATE, RIGHT, AND IT SAY, YALL GONNA BE AS NASTY AS YALL WANNA BE IN THAT CLUB, YALL GONNA BE THERE?

THAT'S RIGHT.

MY NIGGAS YALL JUS' DO WHAT YALL DO BEST, BELIEVE THAT.

HELLO, 9.1.7 YOU ON THE AIR...





YEAH, G

THIS IS
FRANKIE,

MAN, I'D LIKE TO TELL
YOU ALL THEY DON'T THINK
IT'S COOL DOWN THERE WITH
ALL THIS CURSIN' AND PROFANITY
SO THEY FEEL WE DON'T HAVE
NO EDUCATION, MY NIGGA'S

GO DOWN THERE AND TALK
TO THEM PEOPLE LIKE THEY
GOT SOME SENSE AND
TELL 'EM WHAT'S UP.

DON'T LET 'EM BORROW
US DOWN AND STUFF
SEE WHAT I'M SAYIN'.

THEY THINK THAT'S ALL
WE KNOW, HOW TO
TALK SLICK AND
STUFF... YOU KNOW.

THAT'S WHAT THEY
THINK ALL THE
TIME, AND YOU
KNOW SOMETHING,
YOU BROUGHT UP
A GOOD POINT.

BASS 9-17

IT'S GOT

IT'S GOT

IT'S GOT TO BE
A BLACK THING.

BASS

BASS

IT'S A BLACK
THING...?

IT'S A BLACK THING...?

BASS

IT'S GOT TO BE A BLACK THING

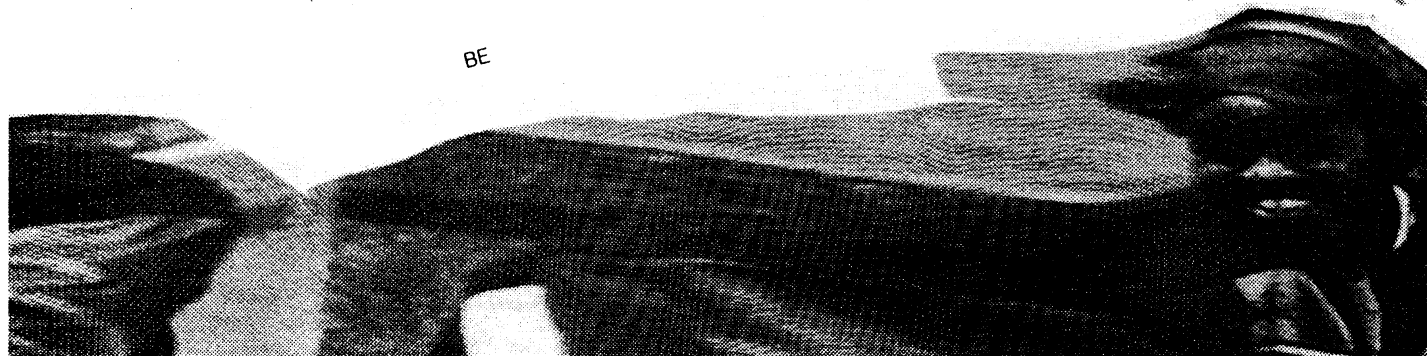
...BLACK THING

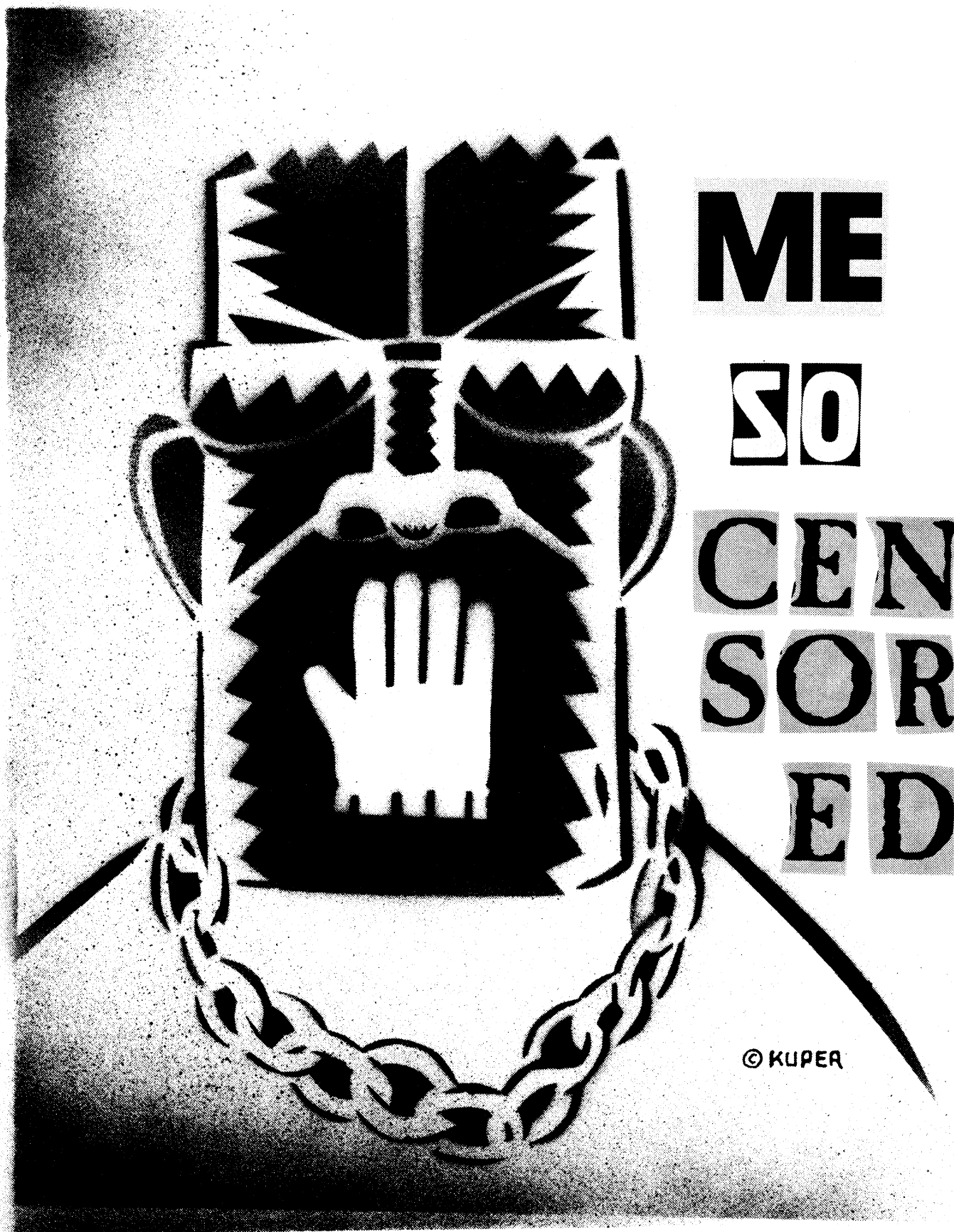
BASS

BASS 9-17

TWO LIVE CREW, WE OUTTA HERE!

BE





© KUPER

THE OTHER NIGHT my 19-year-old daughter and I watched a pay-per-view movie in our living room. The film, *Men At Work*, was junk, or at best a satire of the kind of junk on which its makers and stars, Emilio Estevez (who wrote and directed) and Charlie Sheen, have made their careers. As the final credits rolled, my eye picked up the night's first amusing detail: buried somewhere within its soundtrack, *Men At Work*, made in 1989, included the 2 Live Crew song, "Move Somethin'." The song had gone by completely unnoticed — not only by my daughter and me, it would seem, but by the censors at the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA), which

BY DAVE MARSH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER KUPER

gave the flick a PG, and past the guardians of public morals who sicced the cops on Tommy Hammond, of Taking Home the Hits in Alexander City, Alabama, for selling *Move Something*, the album on which that song appeared, and past the fanatics who have made villifying 2 Live Crew a national sport.

It would be hard to establish a more fitting context for considering 2 Live Crew's place in the world: amidst the hip-but-junky soundtrack of a junky-but-hip film, it had gone past a discerning ear totally unremarked. Unless you think that bad music (which "Move Something" undoubtedly is) or low humor (which it also undeniably is) are very extremely dangerous, as the title of a fairly bland soul album once put it, this is how a sane world would write off the whole thing: with a shrug, not even a groan.

To understand how 2 Live Crew and its music became a national cause celebre in 1990, you need to know a great deal more context, however. You need to know something about the history of racial and economic conflict in America, and how this applies to the arts, and especially about how this applies to our popular culture which, unbeknownst to almost all of our citizens, has been rather heavily censored since at least World War I, and which has been subjected to naked Comstockery (love that oxymoron) since the McCarthy period.

Despite the impression you may have received, 2 Live Crew's raps consist mainly of music — using, as all rap does — a great many samples, or cut-up and rearranged excerpts of earlier records made by others, which range in 2 Live Crew's case from the standard-issue James Brown to Muddy Waters, Jimi Hendrix, and Roy Orbison. To knowledgeable rap fans, the skillful use of samples is the essence of artistry — skittering from an electronic drum beat into a James Brown fanfare, or underpinning your song with a P-Funk bass line is the ideal. But the samples should be used carefully, selected from the deep innards of the soul and funk repertoire, and deployed so deftly that their presence and origin are barely noticed. Within the matrix of

such cut-ups, a great rap record must generate its own sound and rhythmic energy. 2 Live Crew's use of samples and beats is ham-handed and obvious, as befits a parody. Sophisticated rap fans, even those who totally support the Crew's fight against censorship, don't favor the group's sound. But, as with M.C. Hammer and Vanilla Ice, 2 Live Crew's absence of grace may well have proven a commercial boon. This is a clumsy nation, never clumsier than in its market preferences, which is actually a point more often proved politically than musically. (Do you have a better explanation for Dan Quayle than to say that we just stumbled into him?)

Lyrically, 2 Live Crew's songs consist mostly of second-rate, often ancient jokes about fucking, although some of them (arguably the best of them) take on other issues, notably the scandalous regional favoritism of the New York-based rap concert business, the ceaseless lust for cash money on the part of the rappers themselves and virtually everyone they meet, and the general perfidy with which white people treat blacks — at best, one might say that, by the time they got to "Banned in the U.S.A.," Luther Campbell and his crew had touched on all the central hypocrisies of our society (save perhaps drugs, about which they surprisingly — since what could provide a better target for the anti-hypocrite than our nation's spurious drug wars? — have very little, if anything, to say).

I presume that all readers of this comic understand that to ban any part of this critique of American society is to restrict all of it, and that Luther and crew are as well within their rights to comment on the way that they and their neighbors pursue cock and cunt as Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry Miller were in their time, Hugh Hefner and Norman Mailer in theirs, and, for that matter, Anita Bryant and Jimmy Swaggart have been even more recently. I also presume that you understand that how skillful or accurate any of these gentlemen (or the lady) may have been at discussing this topic, or any other, is irrelevant as a matter of law and principle: the Constitution

does not require citizens to wield words well or wisely, just as it makes speech itself neither an obligation nor a privilege but a *right*, inalienable, and thus indivisible. The fact that citizens have allowed the government to ignore, violate, and dishonor this right, from the moment we pick up the newspaper at the door until the time we switch off the tube before bed, does nothing to change this — in theory.

To understand the full context of 2 Live Crew's crimes, you have to know that our citizenry has allowed that blanket censorship to happen, and to happen in every medium. Radio and television broadcasters are routinely censored (reprimanded, fined, and threatened with license forfeiture) by the Federal Communications Commission (FCC), even though the 1934 law creating the agency specifically states that the FCC may not censor. Cable TV goes further — but local cable systems are hypersensitive about subscriber complaints so the FCC's purview here has essentially never been tested. (Yes, you can say "fuck" on HBO. But you can't *fuck* on HBO, and, yes, this is less than a full range of expression.)

Motion pictures are censored by the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) ratings code, which affixes a rating on the barely intelligible G to X scale upon virtually every movie released in this country (those that don't submit to the code get very narrow distribution); this is not government censorship, but the MPAA code was clearly created to preempt censorship by local governments and the result is a drastic reduction in what Americans see on their screens, as opposed, for instance, to what Europeans often see *in the same films*. It would be hard to persuade Martin Scorsese (*The Last Temptation of Christ*), Brian DePalma (*Scarface*), Pedro Almadovar (*Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down*), or anyone else who has tried to deal with genuinely adult sexual, religious, or other themes that American films aren't censored.

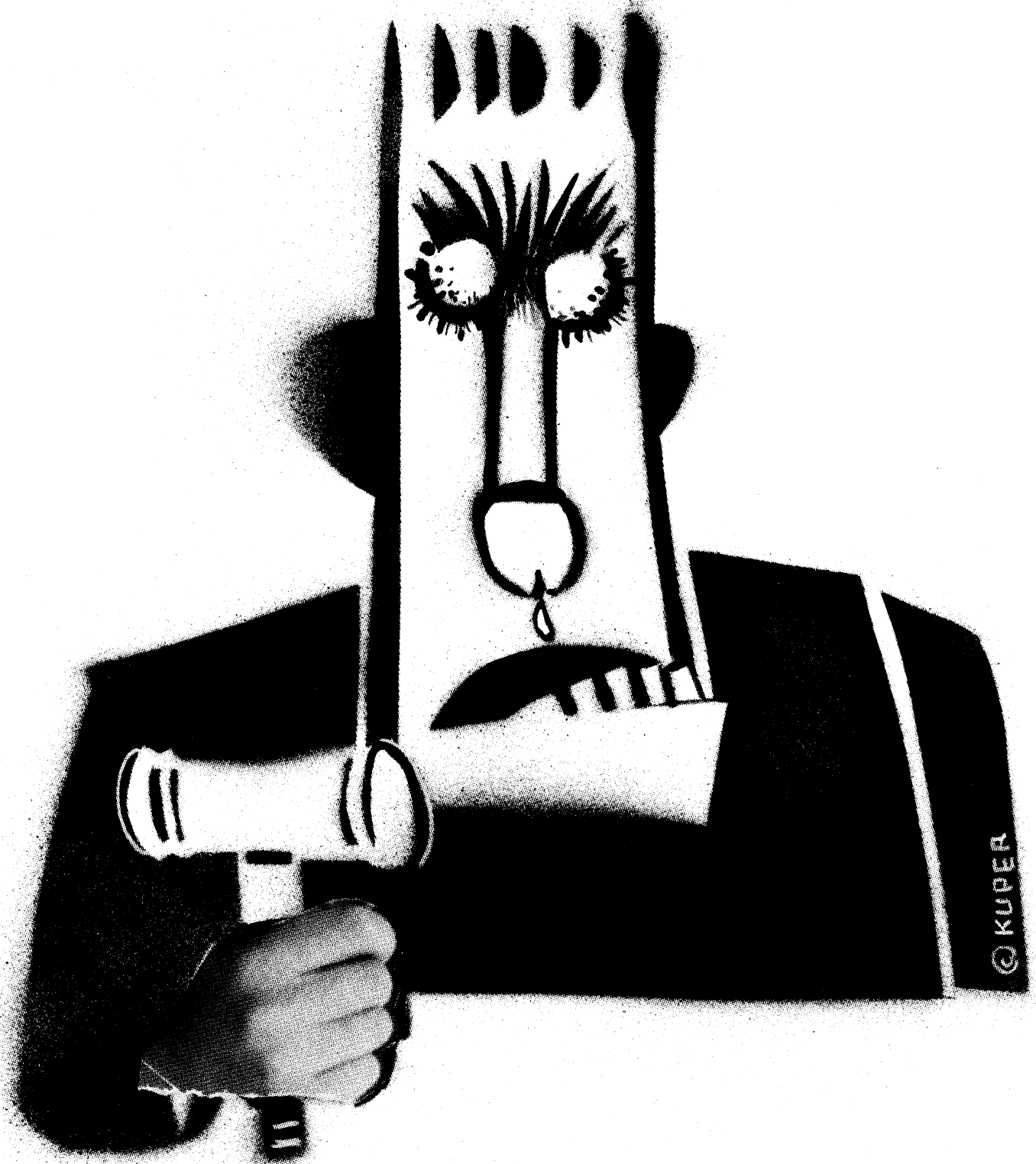
The fine arts are censored in a variety of ways — the ruckus over the National Endowment for the Arts imposing explicit

(if incoherent) restrictions on the subject matter of federally subsidized projects concealed the reality that the great majority of those who wish to paint or sculpt or dance or otherwise perform works of art are denied any financing at all, no matter what their content, because the form of their work does not fit the bourgeois/bohemian definition of art. Who pays for dance works that feature the boogaloo or the merengue, not as folk art but as vital parts of contemporary culture? Who subsidizes brilliant working class comics artists like Gilbert, Jaime, and Mario Hernandez? Who provides so much as a meal for the heavy metal kid with a story to tell, no matter how magnificent that story might be?

Newspapers and magazines are censored by their owners and by newsstands: for instance, there are approximately two newspapers in New York City, our national capital of sin, that will print the word "fuck" without in some way euphemising or bowdlerizing it, and they're both weeklies (*The Village Voice* and *The New York Observer*). Mass circulation magazines are prevented by newsstand distribution practices from including graphic language or photographs; even men's magazines work under elaborate censorship rules about what may be shown on the cover, what acts may or may not be portrayed inside, and so forth. To violate them invites a bust.

Mass circulation comic books are censored by the infamous ratings code, imposed during the McCarthy-era witchhunt against comics. Those that have broken free of the Code Authority are sentenced to remarkably limited availability — especially when compared to the omnipresence of *Richie Rich* and his kin. Periodic witchhunts against the medium — usually based on a supposed excess of gore, generally directed at anything that smacks of postadolescence, let alone adulthood — continue into the Gray '90s.

Even if all this strikes you as nothing more than a series of exercises in good taste, it is obviously censorship, because *there are lots of artists that it doesn't strike that way at all*. And when people can't



"WHEN PEOPLE CAN'T SAY OR CREATE WHAT'S REALLY ON THEIR MINDS, OR CAN'T GET ACCESS TO AN AUDIENCE IF THEY DO, THEY'VE BEEN CENSORED."

say or create what's really on their minds, or can't get access to an audience if they do, they've been censored.

The startling exception has been music, particularly popular music. (Classical music and jazz — well-known to its champions as "America's classical music" — are economically censored in the same ways as the other fine arts.) Until the mid-'80s, this was a comparatively free area where a discourse quite unlike that in any other mass artform took place.

In the first place, the center of that discourse has been black America, which is all but wiped out of the picture in every other medium. (Quick, name all the important black cartoonists since Herriman, all the significant black film directors before Spike Lee.) Every important American song style since at least the 19th century minstrel show (including the Stephen Foster-derived Tin Pan Alley and Broadway pop songs that grew out of it) have been derived from African-American innovations. Irving Berlin may have "been" American music, and he may not have had a little black boy chained to his piano leg, but the rhythms of his songs owed a basic debt to black America — and one which Berlin and his fellow Tin Pan Alley/Broadway composers, with a couple of rare exceptions like Hoagy Carmichael, never paid even so much as lip service. All of American popular music is a "Whiter Shade of Pale." The only sensible argument is about degree.

After World War II, for reasons including black migration to urban and Northern areas, the availability of cheap recording technology, and a three-fold expansion of radio outlets, black music began to be heard *in its own voice*. This wiped out Tin Pan Alley, whose publishers immediately responded by uttering the hew-and-cry against obscenity, trash, and perversion that created the great Payola Witchhunt (which more or less coincided with McCarthyism and the similar witchhunt against dangerous comics). But since the rise of black voices was not merely a musical phenomenon, it could not be fully suppressed. Indeed,

by the early '60s, in the period immediately preceding the Beatles-led British Invasion, black singers again became dominant, through records made at Berry Gordy's Motown, Phil Spector's Philles, and assorted dance-oriented companies from Chicago, New York, Memphis, Los Angeles, New Orleans, and Philadelphia. Indeed, Motown was the only pop music institution capable of holding its own against the British onslaught and this was largely because its records had a substantial basis in black culture that it was impossible for the British bands to copy whole.

It's critical to note that it was *not* white people aping black style that made rock and roll controversial in the '50s and '60s. Whites ripping off black style stirred no public controversy when Foster and Berlin and Benny Goodman did it, just as it stirs no trouble today when Vanilla Ice reaps a fortune from raps far more pallid than 2 Live Crew's.

What made rock and roll controversial was *race-mingling*. Particularly the fact that black culture kept its identity as it was embraced by white people, especially young white people, especially young *female* white people. This was the essence of the issue then, as now. For 2 Live Crew were busted, in the long run, for exactly the same reason that Chuck Berry got sent to prison in 1959 on a trumped-up Mann Act charge. (See Berry's autobiography for the sordid details of this judicial travesty.) Not just for an open and lubricious pursuit of cunt'n'cock, but for openly and lubriciously being black men whose drawing power extends to white women. That is why the center of the attack has been the South, and it is a big part of the reason why it is so much easier for Northern liberals to defend Karen Finley or Annie Sprinkle than Luther Campbell.

Of course, there's more to Luther Campbell and the 2 Live Crew free speech case than that. Miami's black ghetto is fully controlled by Hispanic, primarily ex-Cuban, businessmen; Luther Campbell is their single strongest African-American competitor. This creates a certain tension. Former Florida governor Robert Martinez, now Amer-



**"ONE NIGHT IN JAIL FOR A MAN WHO'S DONE NOTHING MORE
THAN SING A SONG, NO MATTER WHAT ITS LYRICS, IS ONE TOO MANY
FOR A NATION THAT DARES CALL ITSELF A DEMOCRACY."**

ica's "drug czar," was running a re-election campaign in which his handler (led by presidential son Jeb Bush) thought that busting a bunch of no-account black kids would let him run on high moral ground, rather than as the public laughingstock he had become. The Broward County sheriff, Nick Navarro, is a glory hound right out of Damon Runyon. A disgruntled Coconut Grove office-seeker, who should remain nameless and thus unencouraged, was goaded, in part by such national censorship proponents as Rev. Donald Wildmon of the American Family Association, and psychologist James Dobson of Focus on the Family (both comics witchhunters, incidentally) into siccing civilian officials on the purveyors of audio pornography as a way of using his law degree for Christian witness.

But the most important opponents of free speech and 2 Live Crew (yes, they really have become synonymous) have been the great White Fathers of the American recording industry, which has backed-up, groveled, crawled, and cringed throughout the eight-year campaign for music censorship initiated by the PTA, prosecuted by the PMRC, and enforced at the wholesale level by every whimpering corporate lackey who's ever told a band to change a record cover, song title, or lyric, and at the retail level by the entirety of major merchandisers, not one of whom has been willing to challenge the censors. Believe me, having studied both cases, I can say without fear of contradiction that if Salman Rushdie had been a guitar player, his head would have hung from a pole in Teheran within 48 hours of the Ayatollah's first threat to throw a picket line in front of the Manhattan branch of Tower Records.

You don't need to agree. But you do need know that Luther Campbell did exactly what the great White Fathers of the record industry tell all singers they must do if their songs are to contain sentiments unfit for Baptist five-year-olds: his records bear Parental Warning Labels. The great White Fathers promise that they provide protection. What Luther Campbell found was that he had not

Warned any child or parent; he had instead alerted the self-righteous fanatics and the sanctimonious hypocrites, the morality police who foment hatred with their unobscene words that distort the differences between rights and privileges, humor and harm. And, once alerted, those morality cops did exactly what everyone who has studied the history of censorship had told the great White Fathers that they would do. They prosecuted and did their best to destroy the labeled records, and put those who made and marketed them out of business. In a few places, they even got around to going after unwary listeners.

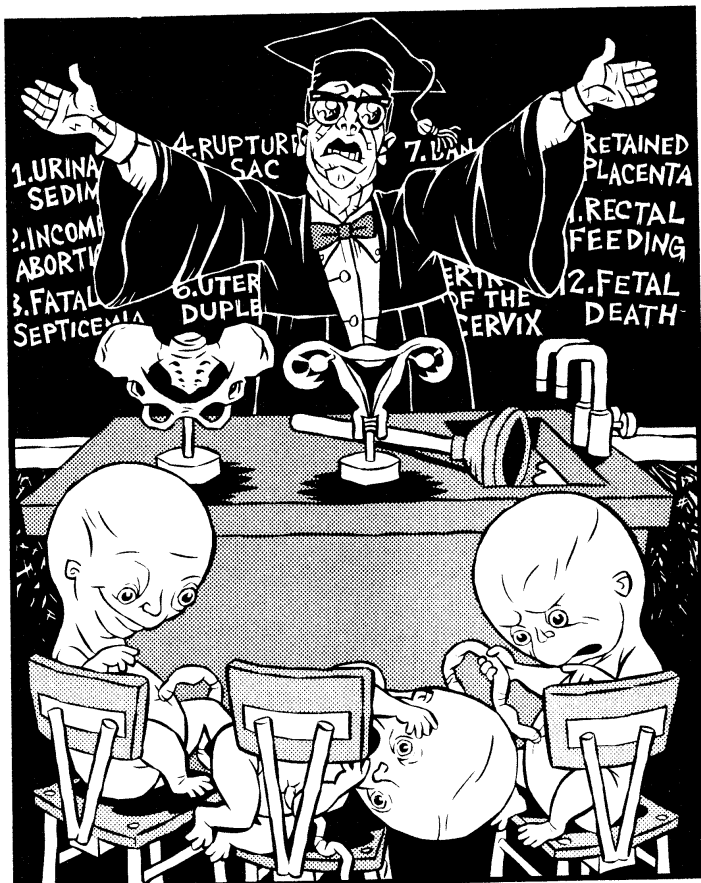
Luther Campbell and 2 Live Crew spent only one night in jail and they eventually were acquitted. We are meant to understand this as a great victory for the System. But it's really an indictment of it. One night in jail for a man who's done nothing more offensive than sing a song, no matter what its lyrics, is one too many for a nation that dares to call itself a democracy. The fact that there was a trial at all, for rhymes whose kin have been recited in junior high school locker rooms as long as there have been children, gives the lie to the idea that we live with equal justice for all. I refuse to ask why Andrew Dice Clay was not prosecuted for reciting many of the same dirty nursery rhymes. Instead, I insist upon asking why *anybody* was prosecuted *at all*.

Until that question receives a satisfactory answer, we do not live in a democracy and the First Amendment is a mere bunch of words, a mouthful of much obliged without even so much as a handful of gimme. Until Luther Campbell has the right to say what's on his dirty mind, none of us do. And if you're not willing to defend that principle, without qualification, then stop pretending you believe in free speech. And if you do understand the principle involved, don't just sit there. When you're finished with what this comic has to tell you, write a letter, draw a picture, make a speech, sing a song, tell a story, grab your video camera, or call a friend. Follow the best advice this story has to give you: *Move Somethin'*. Or you'll lose everything.

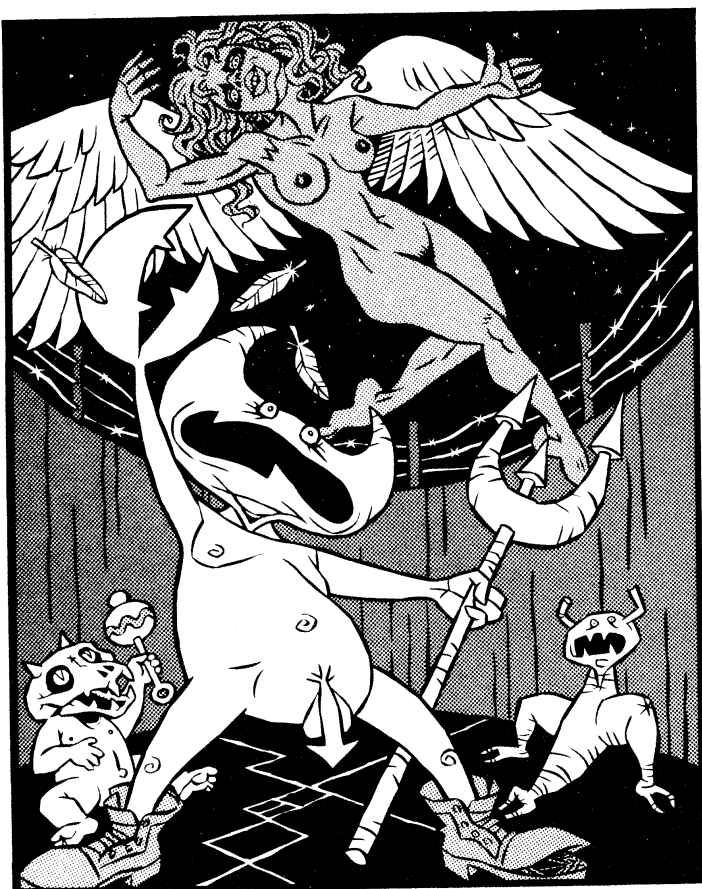


**"UNTIL LUTHER CAMPBELL HAS THE RIGHT TO SAY
WHAT'S ON HIS DIRTY MIND, NONE OF US DO."**

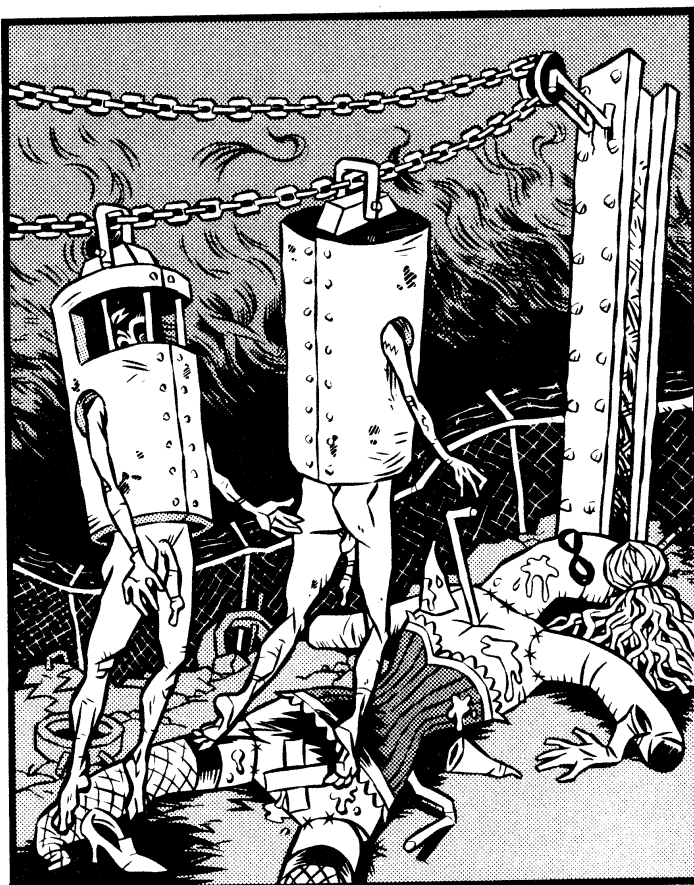
"WE WANT
SOME
PUSSY"
lyrics
by
2-LIVE
CREW
or
CONGRATULATIONS
ON your
New!
Living Hell!
drawings ©1991
Danny Hellman



Somebody say, "HEY, WE WANT SOME PUSSY!"



"HEY, WE WANT SOME PUSSY!!!"



You see me and my homies like to play this game; we call it Amtrak but some call it the train. We all would line up in a single-file line and take our turns at waxing girls' behinds.



But every time it came to me I was
shit-out of luck, because I'd stick
my dick in and it would get stuck.

The girls would say, "Stop!"; I say,
"I'm not! That's enough, I quit, y'all
are busting me out!"

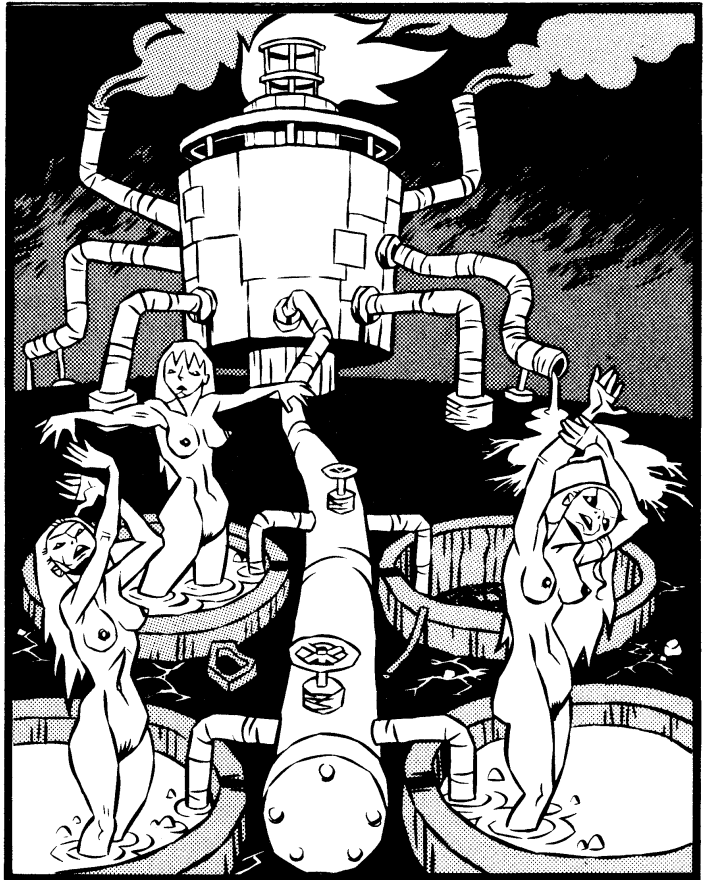


I say, girls, don't hide it, just divide
it, and please don't knock it until
you've tried it.

So to all of you bitches and all you
hoes:
Let's have group sex and do the RAMBO!



"HEY, WE WANT SOME PUSSY!!!!"



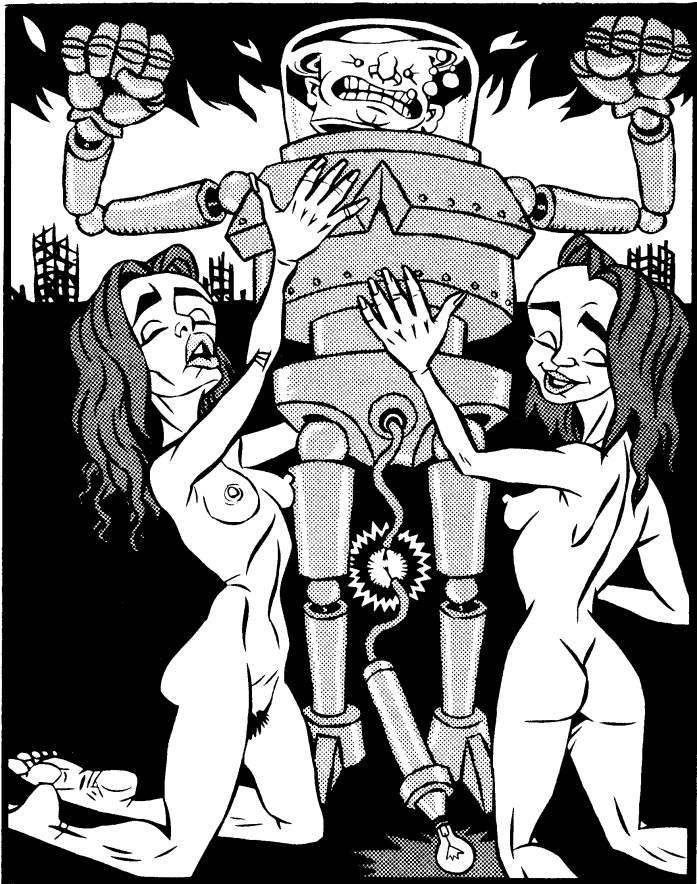
I'm the Peter Piper of the 1980's,
got a long hard dick for all of the
ladies.



I don't care if you've got three babies,
you could work the stick in my Mercedes.



If you're gonna blow, just let me know;
we can go back stage at the end of
the show.



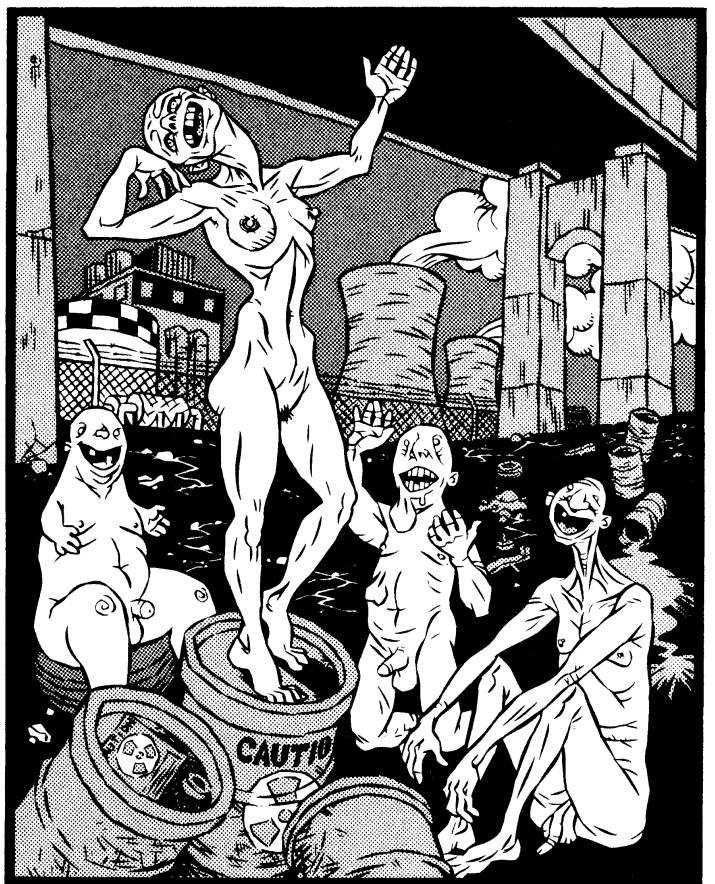
I'll look at you and you will
look at me, with my dick in my hands
as you fall to your knees.



You know what to do 'cause I won't
say "please" -- just nibble on my dick
like a rat does cheese!



Let me hear you say,
"HEY, WE WANT SOME PUSSY!!!!!"



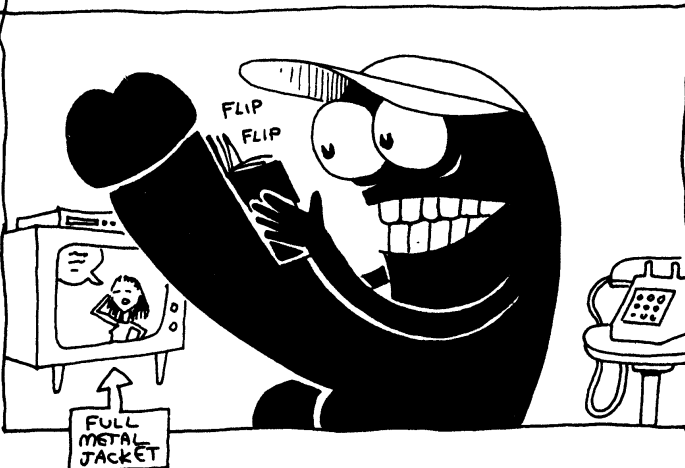
"HEY, WE WANT SOME PUSSY!!!"

end



ME SO HORNY

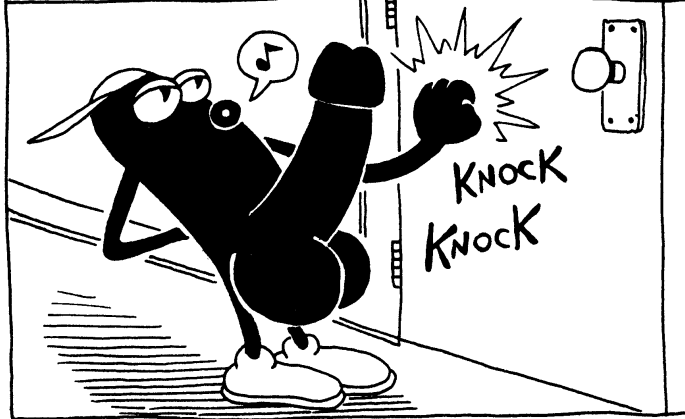
SITTIN' AT HOME WITH MY DICK ON HARD,
I GOT THE BLACK BOOK FOR A FREAK TO CALL ...



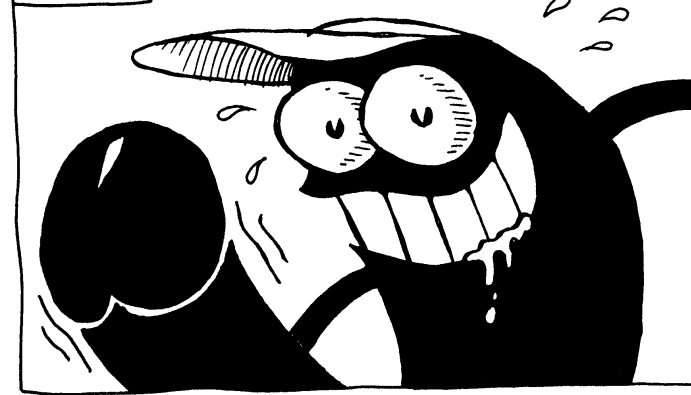
PICKED UP THE TELEPHONE, THEN DIALED THE SEVEN
DIGITS, SAID:



I ARRIVED AT HER HOUSE, KNOCKED ON THE DOOR,
NOT HAVIN' NO IDEA WHAT THE NIGHT HAD IN STORE



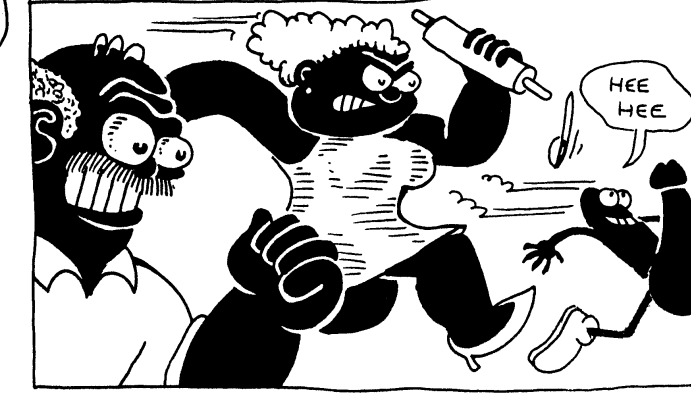
I'M LIKE A DOG IN HEAT, A FREAK WITHOUT WARNING,
I HAVE AN APPETITE FOR SEX, BECAUSE ME SO
HORNY

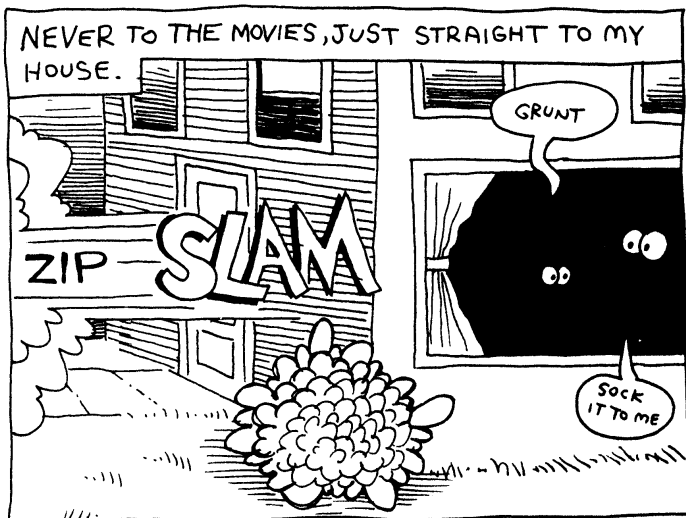
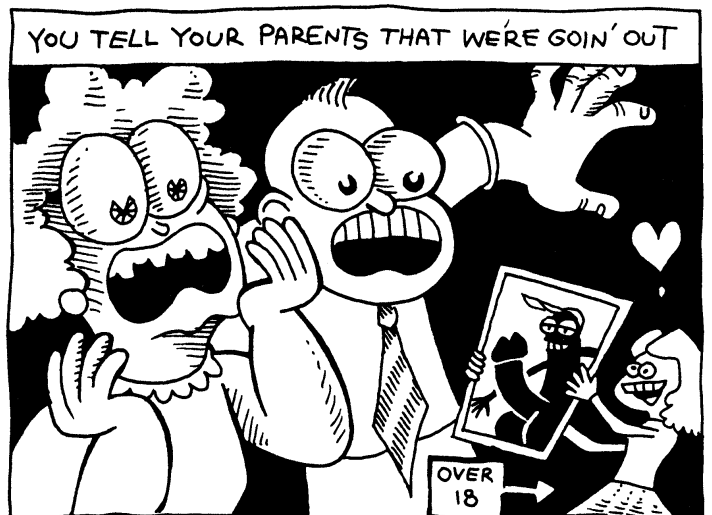
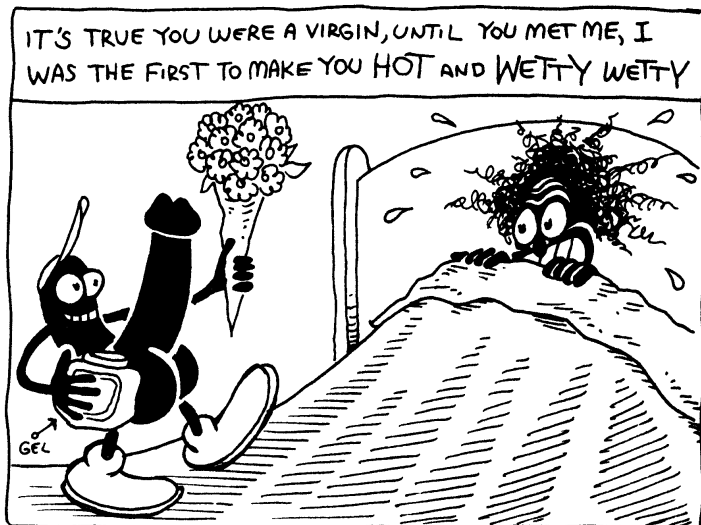
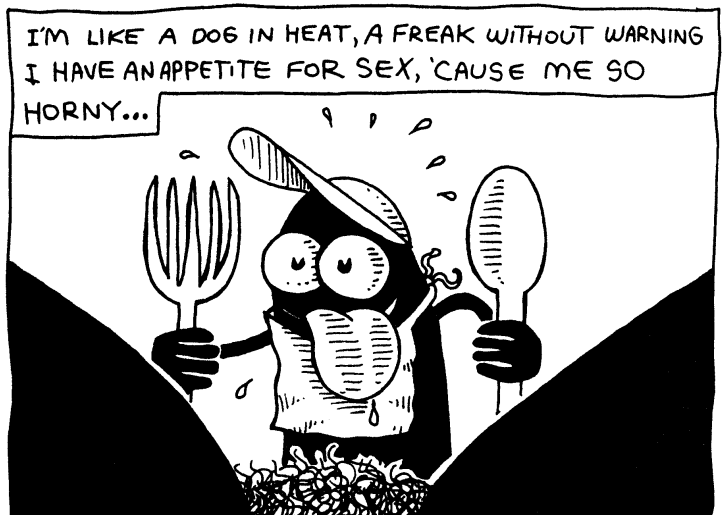
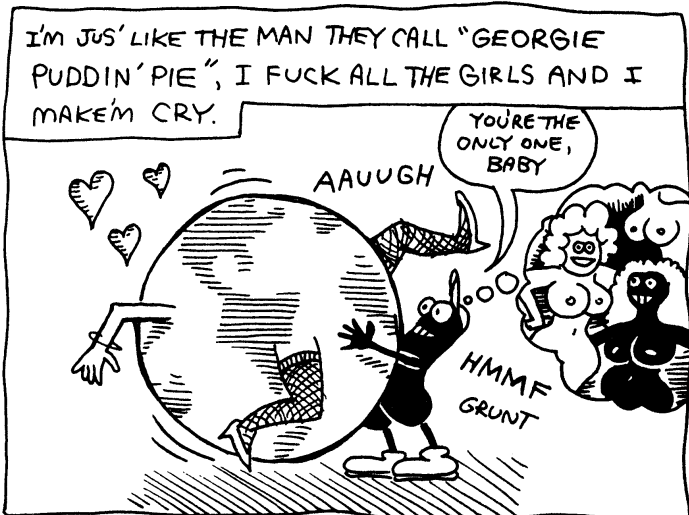
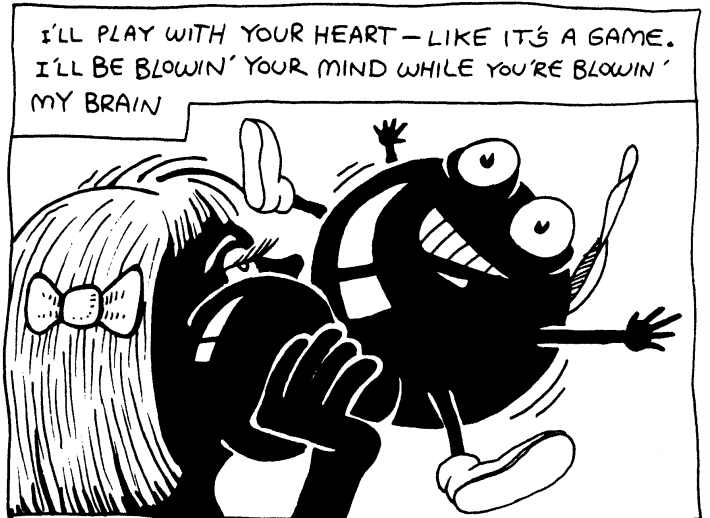
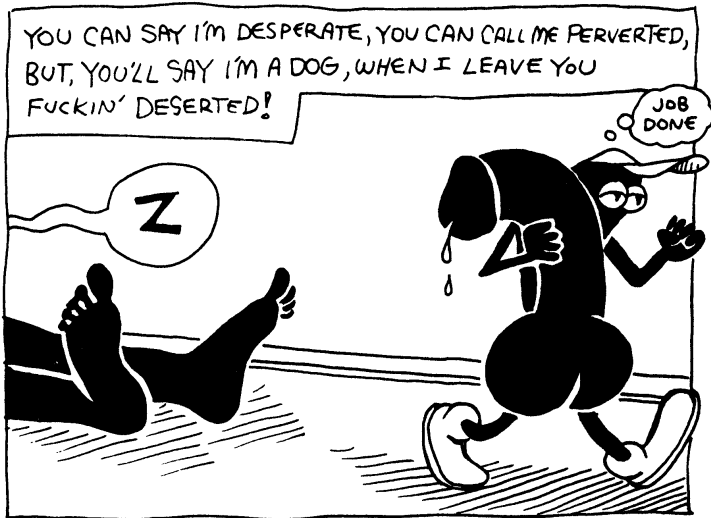


GIRLS ALWAYS ASK ME WHY I FUCK SO MUCH



I KNOW HE'LL BE DISGUSTED WHEN HE SEES YOUR
PUSSY'S BUSTED, WOULD YO' MOMMA BE SO MAD
IF SHE KNEW I GOT THAT ASS?





MILITARY

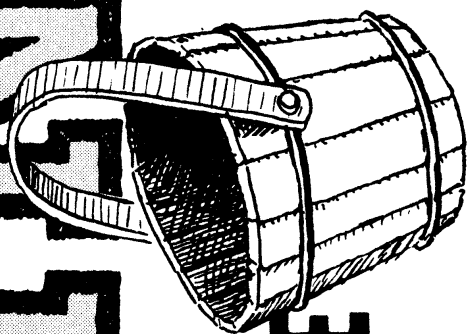
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From the July 30/August 6, 1990, issue of *The Nation*.

WHEN DR. JOHNSON had completed his great lexicography of the English language, he was congratulated on all sides. One piece of approbation came to him

from two elderly ladies, who praised the good doctor for not including any indecent words. He floored them by replying, in effect, that he was amused to see that they had been looking them up, and that they knew what to look for.

This has always been the essential absurdity of "moral," as opposed to "political," censorship: if the stuff does indeed have a tendency to deprave and corrupt, why then the most depraved and corrupt person must be the censor who keeps a vigilant eye upon it. This irony, if it is an irony, is wasted on Pat Buchanan and the Parents' Music Resource Center, who spend all their time contemplating *Piss Christ* and striving to decode 2 Live Crew.

But the cultural liberals are hypocrites, too. When *The Washington Post* loftily defended Robert Mapplethorpe's work as artistically valid and beautiful, Pat Buchanan rather mordantly asked why, in that case, did Kay Graham and Ben Bradlee not print the photographs in their great journal of record? A fair point, especially given the limited access of the public to the exhibition. Similarly, in all the driveling and fulmination about 2 Live Crew's *As Nasty as They Wanna Be*, only two outfits have done us the courtesy of printing the lyrics, and those two outfits are the *Washington City Paper*, a fine free sheet, and (as you perhaps guessed) Tipper Gore's Parents' Music Resource Center. Herewith, then, as a beachtime service to readers who want to make up their own minds, is a close textual analysis of Luther Campbell's muscular poesy.

Let us begin with "Me So Horny," which has had Campbell arrested and his album seized by officious sheriffs in Broward County, Florida:

*Girls always askin' why I fuck so much
Just say what's wrong, baby doll, with
a quick nut*

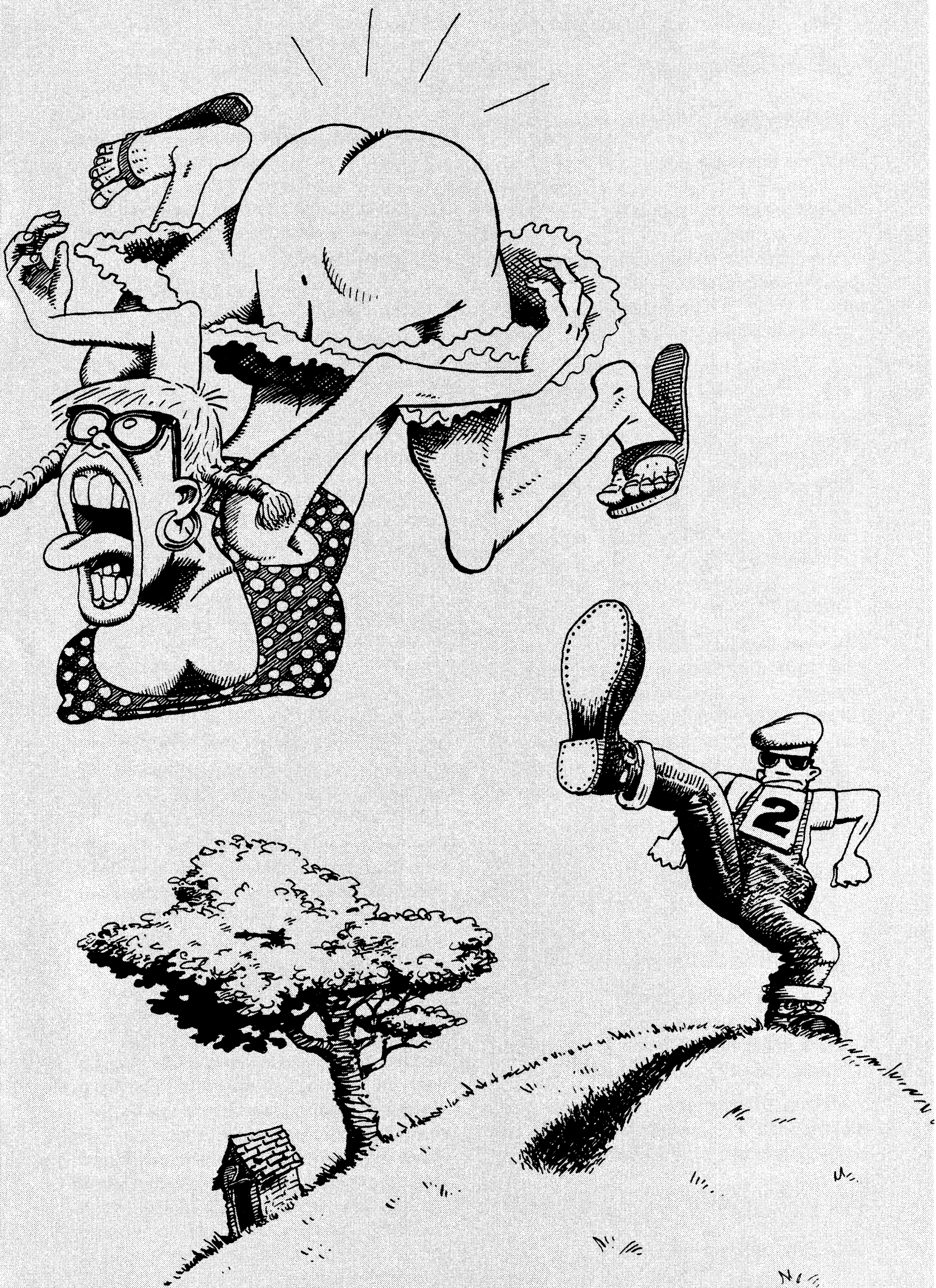
*'Cause you're the one and you
shouldn't be mad*

*I won't tell your momma if you don't tell
your dad*

I know he'll be disgusted when he sees

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

ILLUSTRATION BY RYDER WINDHAM



*your pussy busted
Won't your momma be so mad if she
knew I got that ass
I'm a freak in heat, a dog without
warning
My appetite is sex 'cause me so horny.*

Here we have the pains and joys of adolescence, rather understated if anything; note the moan for help in the closing bars. In "Dick Almighty" we come across a well-known pseudocure for this discontent — a boastful and mock-heroic claim about that most capricious of all organs:

*Dick Almighty of no surprises
It'll fuck all the bitches all shapes and
sizes
She climb a mountain, even run da
block
Just to kiss the head of this big black
cock
He'll tear the pussy open 'cause it's
satisfaction
The bitch won't leave, it's fatal
attraction.*

You wish, big boy. But then, all boys do wish something like this at one time or another, if not the entire time, and it's nothing if not a fit subject for melody. The same self-satirizing tone can be detected in the Crew's "Dirty Nursery Rhymes," which improvise on some old dreck:

*Jack and Jill went up the hill to have a
little fun
Jack got mad, kicked Jill in the ass
'Cause she couldn't make him cum.*

I'm sorry but I think that's very funny. A little further from the mark:

*Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
A-fuckin' this cutie pie
Stuck in his thumb, made the bitch cum
Said, "Helluva nigger am I."*

Eternal themes also recur in the audience participation number, which is innocuously titled "If You Believe in Having Sex":

*All right, I want y'all to repeat after me
say:
'I'm gonna get some pussy!'
(Men chant) 'I'm gonna get some
pussy!'*

*...all right, ladies, y'all ready to do
this, ladies?
Say, "You ain't gettin' no pussy!
'Cause you ain't got no money!"*

Most of the sentiment expressed in other songs, such as the evergreen "C'mon Baby," are extremely crude protests at the state of affairs that is represented in the foregoing, coupled with unimaginative and unalluring revenges for it. For example:

*Let's get it going on, let's act a fool
Listen and learn while I take you to
school
You say you don't fuck on the first date
Then fuck you, bitch, I ain't gonna wait
'Cause my dick is hard and my back
is strong
I'll find another bitch to get it on.*

The juvenile urgency of this oeuvre means that there's a deliberate emphasis on a distressing human fact — the proximity of the sexual and the excretory organs. "She's always schemin' and hot like a demon/I thought I came in her mouth, but I was only peein'." These thoughts, too common and ineradicable to need First Amendment protection, rather let down the sprightliness of the rap and the felicity of the rhyme scheme.

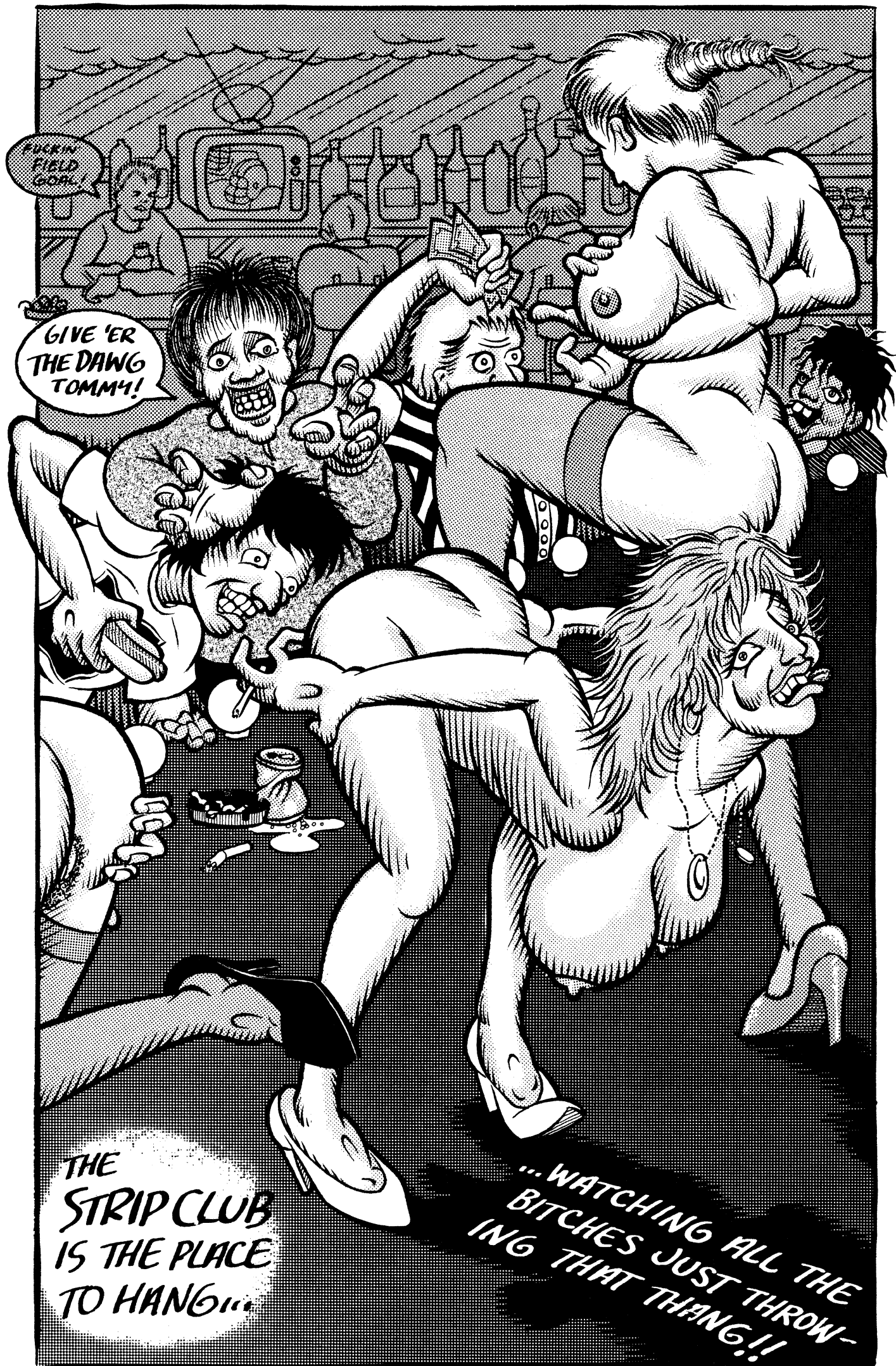
On the album cover, the Crew thank Mom, Dad, and God, and add, "If you don't like the record, you can kiss our motherfuckin' ass." Precisely. It's obvious to this reviewer that the Crew should be let alone, and that their foulmouthed attitude toward the gentler sex is a good-sounding excuse for a youth-hating and surreptitiously bigoted prosecution. I don't know the private thoughts of Sheriff Nick Navarro of Broward County, but I doubt they are worth a rat's behind and see no reason why he should sublimate his own vagina-dreading disorders in this expensive and undemocratic fashion. The same applies to the preposterous Judge Jose Gonzalez Jr., who in ruling on Sheriff Navarro's raid opined that the music appeals to "the loins, not to the intellect." In fact, I think they are a pair of racist shitheads who should be told to fuck right off.

The Strip Club

ART © 1991 BLANCHARD & KEGEL
LYRICS © BY THE 2 LIVE CREW!!!



SKIN
TO THE
WIND!
MAMA.

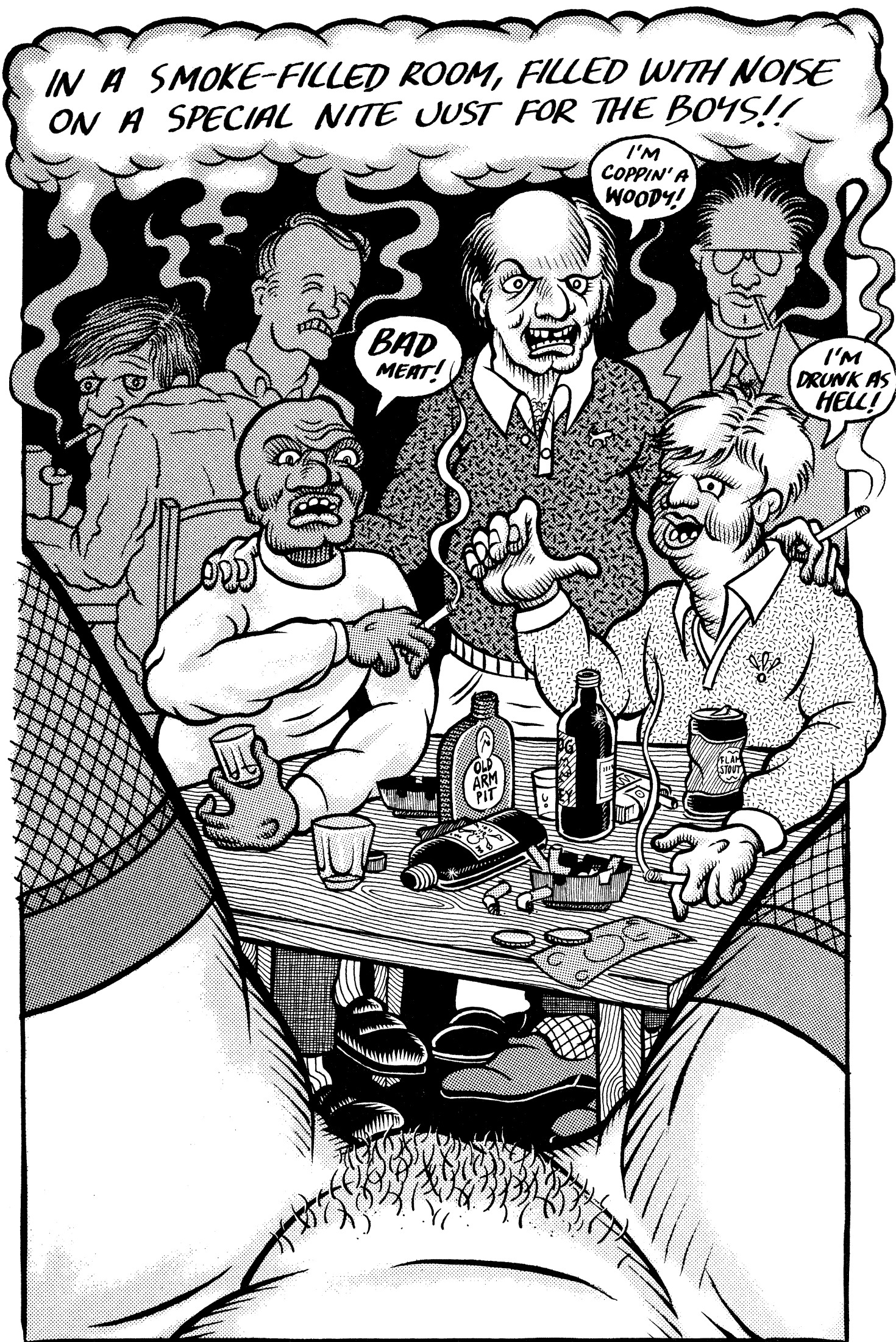


IN A SMOKE-FILLED ROOM, FILLED WITH NOISE
ON A SPECIAL NITE JUST FOR THE BOYS!!

I'M
COPPIN' A
WOODY!

BAD
MEAT!

I'M
DRUNK AS
HELL!



I'LL BE SITTING AT A TABLE JUST SIPPING ON A DRINK...

... WHILE
THE BITCHES
ON STAGE...

... ARE
SHOWING
THE PINK!!





...OH WHAT A
SIGHT TO SEE,
IT LOOKED LIKE
THE PUSSY JUST
WINKED
AT ME!

THEY'LL DO ANYTHING
FOR A TIP...

...LIKE
TABLE-TOP
DANCING...

...EVEN
GRAB
YOUR
DICK!!





DI
THAT DO
OVER H
DEAR

WITH MY
MONEY IN HAND
LOOKING FOR
FUN...

...LOOK OUT MAN
CUZ HERE SHE
COMES!!

THE FUCK SHOP

i know a place that's down near 2 street baby they don't ask you any questions and give you clean sheets

welcome to THE FUCK SHOP THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE where we can could go where the price is right just to fuck a hoe it's always popular with the girls and the guys cause for all my money it's the best buy

10 DOLLARS

IT'S MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME TO SAY

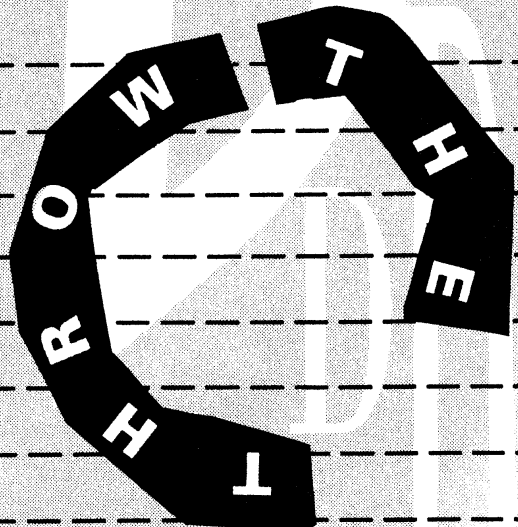
\$10

each room has a bed AND also a sink where you can wash your dick after fucking be careful of the things that you use 'cause you can get arrested for sex abuse so as you hit the door and the panties drop a whole lot of sucking and fucking at the fuck shoooooop

PLEASE come inside and make yourself at home i want to fuck 'cause my dick is on bone you little whore behind closed doors you would drink my cum and nothing more now spread your wings open for the flight let me fill you up with something milky and white because I won't mislay you rough and painful you innocent bitch don't be shameful break out the ice cubes and the hot water this is the second half and

not the second quarter I fuck you till you'll sleep like a baby in your dreams you say I'M CRAZY in the fuck shoooooop you're in the fuck shop baby i want to see you bleed in the fuck shop that's where its at in THE FUCK SHOP the place to splat in the fuck shop where all the boys go in the fuck shop fucking all the hooooooes thank you for FUCKING at the fuck shoooooop

T H R O W T H E D
Listen up you all cause this is it Forget that old dance and "Throw the D" Let's dance Let's let's let's dance Let's let's dance
Let's dance Let's dance It's a brand new dance and it's coming you way It was started in Miami by the Ghetto DJs Say
some call it nasty That's not true It's just the only dance that you can't
do Cause you need a sexy body to make your partner come alive If you
can't do that don't even try So get yourself together and learn it quick
Just get on the floor and "Throw the D" Let's dance let's dance let's
dance let's dance let's dance let's dance let's dance "Throw that D"
"Throw that D" "Throw that D" When I went to Miami I couldn't
believe my eyes This female was throwing- wanted me to try If you
don't know how to do it Here is what you must do Just listen up close,
I'll explain to you Just jump in the air and when you land you whine like
you just don't care It's all in the hips so go berserk And let that D do the
work So while it's working you better start stroking To show your
partner that you ain't joking Cause this ain't a dance from Mother Goose
Better freak your body and turn it loose Cause when you're on the floor
you don't give a shit Cause all you want to do is "Throw that D"
"Throw that D" "Throw that D"



THE CRYSTAL

BY SARA RIMER

Special to The New York Times
Oct. 25

MIAMI, Fla. Oct. 27

leader of the rap movement was anticipated

crew, was and cultures. He said he who include

jurors, who are
over age 60 and on
too wh

Clipping from

But the rapper

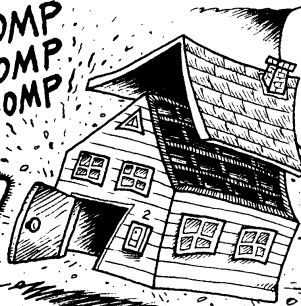
dition of The New York Times

jurors, ... shell and t

GET THE F..K OUT OF MY HOUSE!

by The 2 LIVE CREW

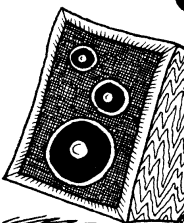
BOMP
BOMP
BOMP



IT'S MY HOUSE,
'N' IF YOU DON'T
LIKE IT, GET
THE FUCK
OUT!!

Illustrated by
J WILLIAMS
©1991

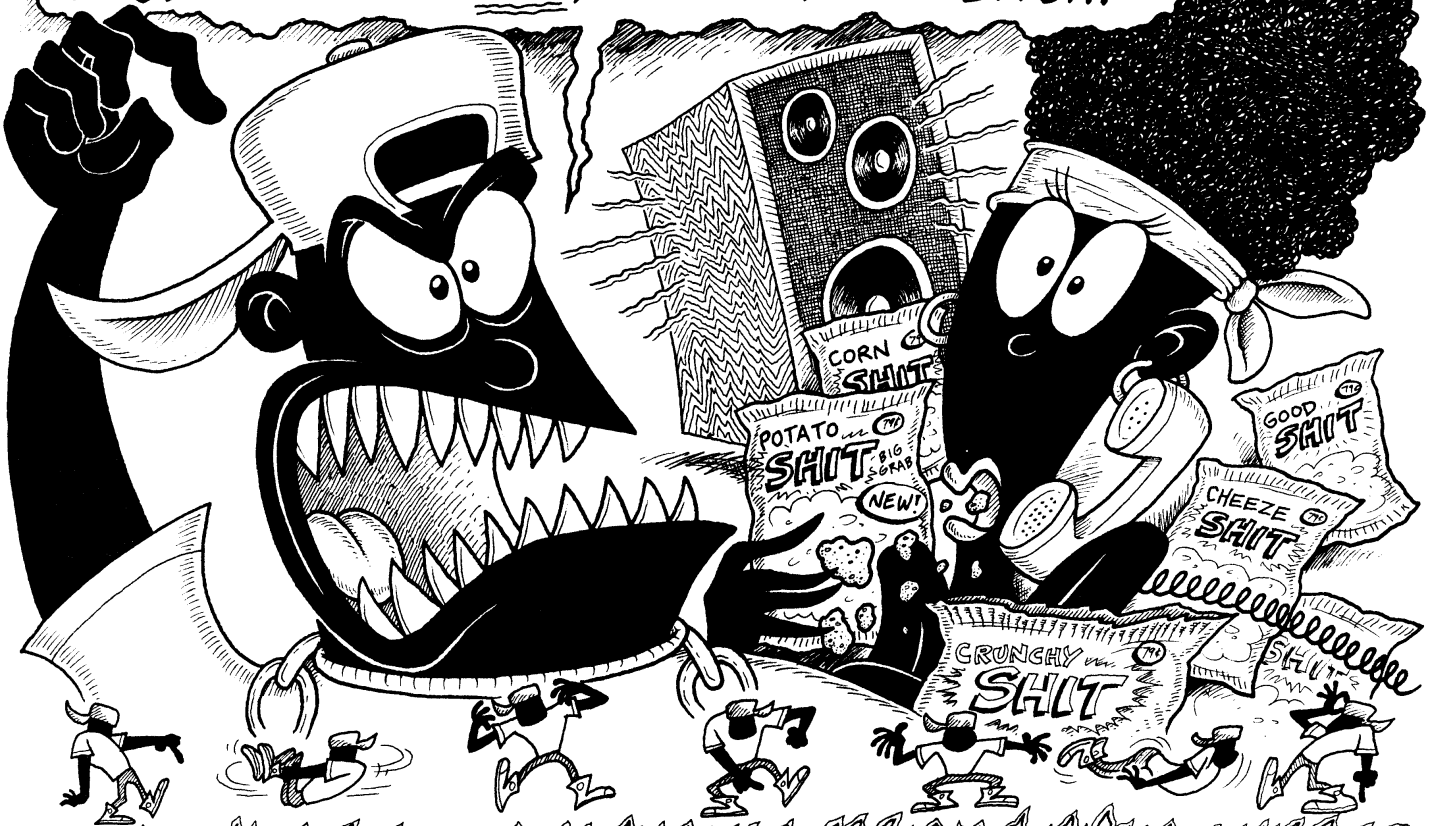
GET THE FUCK OUT ♪ GET THE FUCK OUT ♪ GET THE FUCK OUT MY HOUSE-- BITCH!



YOU IN MY HOUSE, NOW--
YOU TALKIN' ALL THAT SHIT!
SO GET THE FUCK OUT,
YOU SORRY-ASS BITCH!



YOU COME IN MY HOUSE, EATIN' ALL MY SHIT!
SO GET THE FUCK OUT, YOU SORRY-ASS BITCH!



BITCH ♪ BITCH ♪ BITCH ♪ BITCH ♪ BITCH ♪ BITCH ♪ BITCH

GET UP OFF YO' ASS
AN' CLEAN UP ALL THIS SHIT!

LOOK AT YOU, YOU SORRY-ASS,
LOWDOWN, RATTY BITCH!!

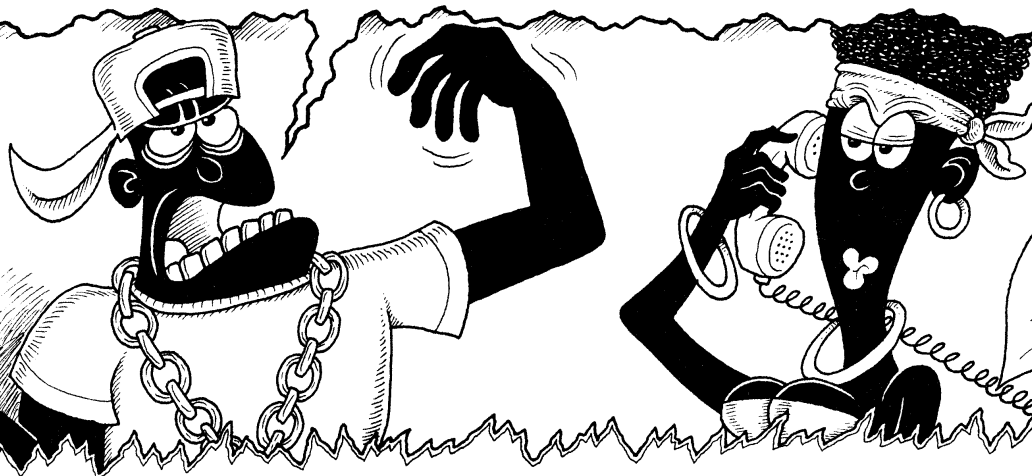
YOU SITTING 'ROUND MY HOUSE,
SMOKIN' ALL THIS SHIT...

...SO GET ON OUT MY HOUSE,
YOU SLIMY-ASS BITCH!

EXIT

HOUSE ♪ HOUSE ♪ HOUSE ♪ HOUSE ♪ HOUSE ♪ HOUSE ♪ HOUSE

YOU CALLIN' ALL YOUR FRIENDS ON MY TELEPHONE!



ALL MY FRIENDS:

KATE & CINDY:
606-0842

MARVELETTES:
Beechwood
4-5789

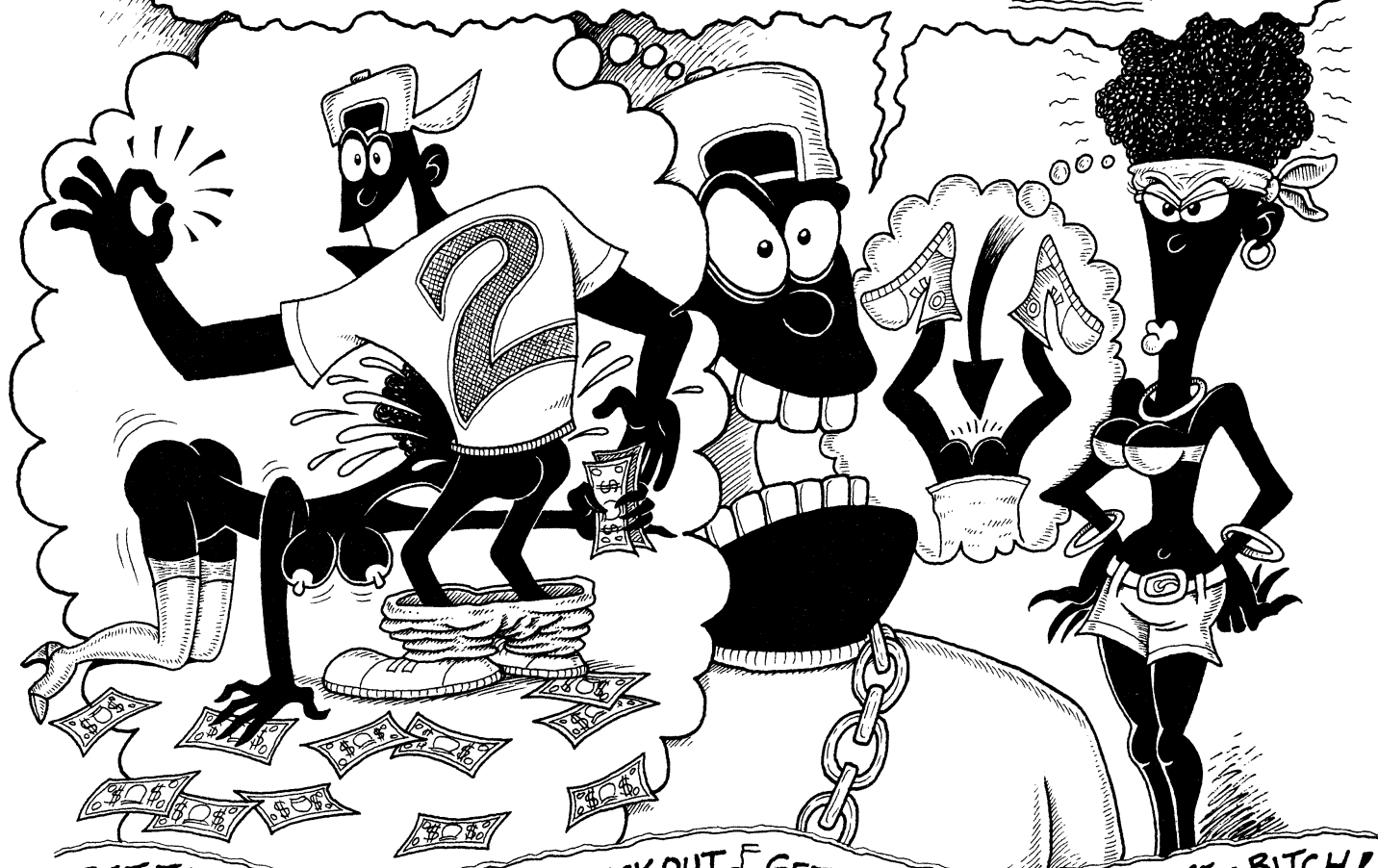
JANET: 471731
GRACE: 672777

BRIDGETTE:
777-9311

YOU NEED T' LEAVE ALL THEM BULL-DYKIN' BITCHES ALONE!



I GOT BITCHES THAT DO SHIT FOR ME THAT YOU COULD NEVER DO!
THEY SUCK ME, FUCK ME, 'N' GIVE ME MONEY, TOO!!



GET THE FUCK OUT & GET THE FUCK OUT & GET THE FUCK OUT MY HOUSE.. BITCH!

SO GET YOUR ASS OUT
OF MY MOTHERFUCKIN' HOUSE!
LET THE DOOR DON'T HIT YOU
WHERE THE DOG SHOULD BIT YOU!

YOU LAZY-ASS BITCH,
I DON'T NEED TO TAKE THIS SHIT!
SO GET THE FUCK OUT
OF MY MOTHERFUCKIN' HOUSE!

IT'S MY HOUSE, 'N' IF
YOU DON'T LIKE IT,
GET THE FUCK OUT!
I DON'T GIVE
A FUCK!

Z



HOUSE ♪ HOUSE ♪ HOUSE ♪ HOUSE ♪ HOUSE ♪ HOUSE ♪ HOUSE

**GET THE FUCK
OUT MY HOUSE!**

Y'LL MISS
ME, BITCH!

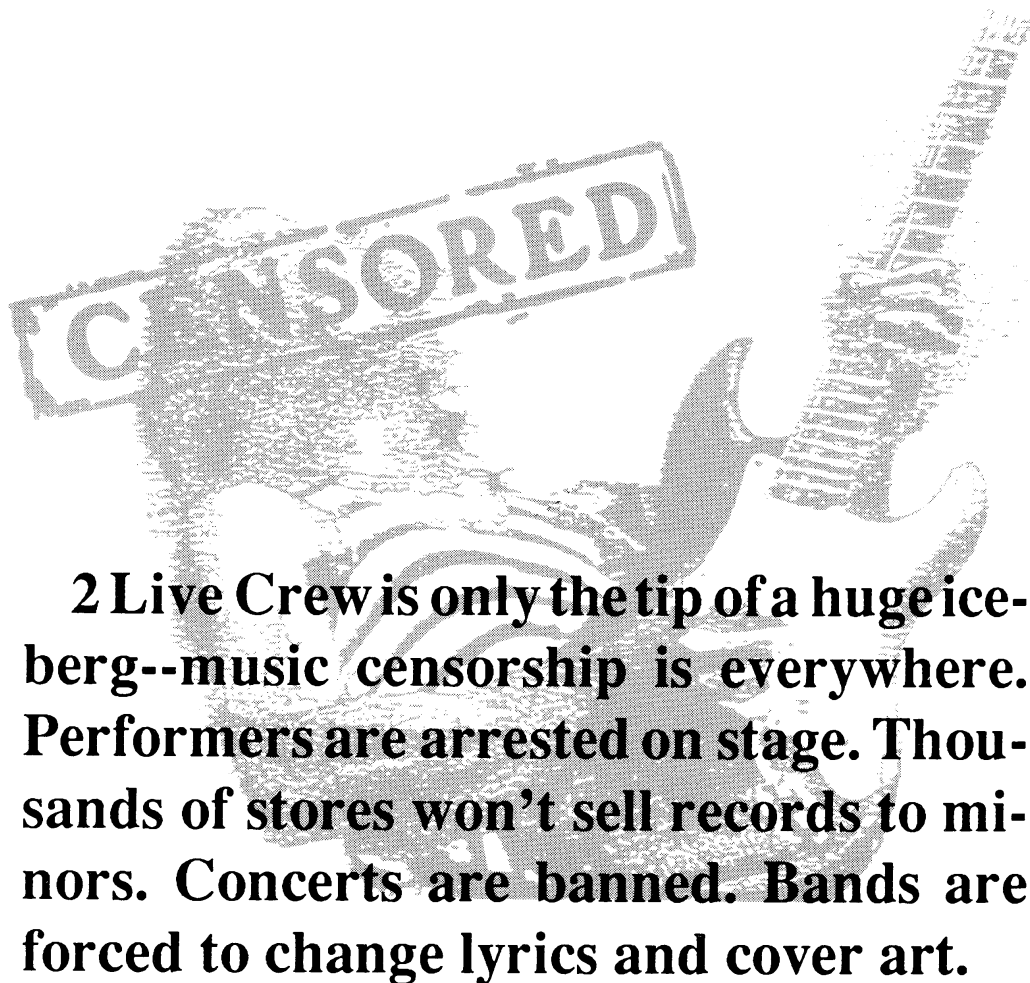


END.



©1991
BOB
FINGERMAN

MUSIC CENSORSHIP CAN BE STOPPED!



2 Live Crew is only the tip of a huge iceberg--music censorship is everywhere. Performers are arrested on stage. Thousands of stores won't sell records to minors. Concerts are banned. Bands are forced to change lyrics and cover art.

What can you do about it? Start by ordering a copy of *You've Got a Right to Rock*. It's the booklet (now in its third, expanded edition) that gives you what you need to stop the censors: 1) An overview by rock writer Dave Marsh of what the censors are up to and what they're going to do in the next year 2) 24 ways to fight back, including a section on how to start an anti-censorship organization 3) A 50-state network of local anti-censorship contacts for you to plug into. Send \$4 today to Rock & Roll Confidential, Dept. LU, Box 341305, Los Angeles, CA 90034. *Right to Rock* has been endorsed by 2 Live Crew.